

HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.

Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.

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**A THRICE-TOLD TALE
on GOLDEN HOURS
To Willis E. Hurd
Ralph Cummings
Robert H. Smelter
by HARRY A. WEILL**

There has been such a mass of material accumulated that I have not the available time to answer it all, so will confine myself to answering what is of outstanding importance, and a further analytical discussion of Golden Hours No. 651, issue of July 21, 1900, the cover of which depicts: "The members of Branch 122, Golden Hours Club, composed of the staff of authors of G. H., taking leave of the editor previous to starting on their camping out trip to the Adirondack Mountains." The account of their activities while on vacation was written by John de Morgan, the title of the serial being: "Golden Hours Camping Out Club in the Adirondacks."

It is a singular co-incidence that I have made the same discovery in the relation to the photographic reproduction as compared to the original that you have: i. e., that the duplicate is limned more distinctly and shows up to better advantage, also the individuals and objects portrayed therein appear larger than in the original, which I beheld through courtesy of Mr. Smeltzer, whom I hope to have the pleasure of seeing again on my vacation in August. As to the authors, never heard of McCarty. The artistic work of Louis F. Grant is inspirational; in all the stories which he illustrated for our paper, he has caught

and reproduced the spirit with fidelity. S. A. D. Cox, (who in my time wrote only short stories, how did his serial turn out??) does not look particularly "SAD." As a kid that is the way the writer pronounced his surname. Cobb, (whose real name was Stanley Norris), is dissimilar in appearance to what I had in imagination pictured him. Cox, as well as Royal and Hancock, appear remarkably young, and in the case of the last-named, who passed-away in 1922 at the age of 52, if, as you state, his first serial entitled: "The Young Reporter" was published in 1888, he must have been 18 years old at that time. An outstanding example of precocity. It is a pity that the author whose features I was most anxious to behold, — Albert Sterns, — does not and could not appear, as this illustration was made in 1900 when he was no longer in the land of the living, having passed-away in February 1899, as written you. The "Fred" who is not facing frontwards and whose body has been bisected vertically in half, must perforce be his son, Edgar Franklin Stearns, who continued in his father's footsteps after the Senior's death. There is a possibility that a line drawing of Albert may have been printed in the biographical series circa: G. H. Junior, 1902, and am taking this up with the collectors named in the foregoing, in an endeavor to locate same. Earl and Day were not contributors during the early era of Golden Hours, tho' I know they attained a reputation as writers of Juveniles. Mike Donovan as is generally known, was a prominent Boxing instructor, occupying the

same niche as did William Muldoon in the wrestling field, and was the sparring partner of President Theodore Roosevelt. — a timely, observation, for Earll and Shea bear a remarkable resemblance to "Teddy." There is only a three-quarter view of Shea, who has his back turned, but Earll is full-face, and could easily pass for the double of the Hero of San Juan Hill.

This would lead directly to personal recollections of the residents of the United States, all of whom I have beheld from Benjamin Harrison on, (only 8 years old at the time); but the thermometer has gone up 20 degrees in the last hour or two, which is not conducive to cerebral activity, there are further letters to be answered, so will beg off and make this the subject of some future article. — Would respond to your frequent allusions to Jules Verne, but not being a literatuer, really do not know much about this writer except that he was the author of "20,000 leagues under the sea," which created a furore in my boyhood days. It may be that his novels appeared in the original French, and were not translated into English. — Your article on Buffalo Bill, of which you claim you have no knowledge, appeared in the Jan. 1944 issue of the Round-Up, titled: "My meeting with Buffalo Bill," and contained information of historical value. Colonel Cody was a legendary figure among the youth of a former generation. Cannot recollect ever having seen him, but Dashing Jack Crawford, who looked much like him once appeared in a parade. Perhaps Mr. Cummings will reprint this, in abridged form if the limitations of space will not allow of its being reproduced in full.

(Sorry old Pal, that I couldn't use your full letters, but you know how everything is now-a-days, so I did my best, in extracting all information from your letters that I could. Thanks Pal.)

WELL, WHAT HAVE YOU?

The Round Up folks may be interested in a few old things besides dime novels and story papers, so here goes: My oldest book was printed at "Giesse Hassam," 1610, 112 pages Latin on excommunication, by Laurentins. Next is an octavo pamphlet by the church father, Tertullian, Paris, 1634. 74 pages. De Virginibus Velandis. Next is a

small English Bible printed probably in Scotland, queer spelling, dates written in 1652 and 1682, and my great grandmother's maiden name and she wasn't married till 1790. Then I have a German horsedocter book, no cover, printed at Erlangen, 1809, octavo, 354 pages. Oden and Lieder Giesllich, by I. F. Gellert, small, 112 pages, pasteboards. Berne, 1830 German of Course.

I have Walker's Dictionary, leather, 1818, about 900 octavo pages. Leather U. S. History, 1830, and a lot of school books ranging in dates from 1829 to 1869. Oldest of my famous McGuffey Readers is Fourth, leather, 1840. I have octavo pamphlet "murder book," 1852. Charles Wallace and his paramour burned at the stake in Mississippi, for his latest crime, his killing of a whole family with an ax. Life, Crime and Capture of John Wilkes Booth, octavo pamphlet, cover gone. 1865, letters by George Alfred Townsend, the famous "Gath" of the papers of those days. Octavo pamphlet, cover gone. 152 pages and last leaf gone. Life of Jim Fisk, 1872, also of Stokes, his killer, Boss Tweed and the Tammany Ring, also account of trip over U. S. by Russian Grand Duke Alexis.

Portly octav volume of about 900 pages, fine print, cloth, is Polar and Tropical Worlds by Hertzog. A history as well as descriptive, ending with Dr. Kane's explorations. Henry Howe's portly octavo of about 800 pages, cover gone, Life and Death on the Ocean, 1850, tales of old time sea and land adventures, pirates and all that. Along the line of his Great West, 1860, leather. Octavo, early days in America, Spanish and Indians, discovery of gold, pioneers, observations and travels, Audubon and others.

Of course I have a lot of other old books of all sorts, and Civil War newspapers, though the oldest paper I have is Yankee Blade, Boston, October 1, 1847, 8 columns folio, more like a magazine in newspaper form. Munsey's magazine, 1898, New York World 1898, in Spanish War days, Cuban newspaper, paper in the invented Cherokee Indian language, papers from Japan, New Zealand and parts of Europe, etc. Aside from the old libraries and a few story papers I yet have. I wonder if anyone would offer me anything for any of these old things? I wonder—

U. G. Figley

R. I. Bryan, Ohio.

GUERRILLA

by Carlee Carlay

The boy, playing a flute, filling the air with the haunting melody of imitations of the sweet calls of the woodland song birds was startled by the hoof beats of the rapidly approaching band of hard riding men. Here in the Ozarks, the time just after the Civil War, peace and quiet reigned. His father had given his life for the Confederacy. Poor, shabby, unschooled, he and his mother eked out a meagre livelihood on a small acreage in the hills nearby.

Stone — gravel — sand, sound boards of the pound of the hoof beats indicated the nature of the poor road being traveled at furious speed. The boy stared stolidly as four men on sweating mounts reigned up sharply.

"Know a place for us to hide?" queried the sharp eyed, heavily bearded leader. Soldiers are chasing us," then instinctively, "Union Soldiers."

"Yeah, I can fix it," replied the now alert youth, "And I'll lose the soldiers, too."

Parting the willows and undergrowth to the left of the men, the boy revealed a dry gulch of stone and gravel, at the far end of which was a cave large enough to hide the horses in. He explained this quickly and warned the guerillas to prevent the horses from nickering or whinnying while the pursuing soldiers were near and repeated again that he would lead the soldiers away, that they should listen to his flute which would reveal the progress he was making. Later he would return, when the coast was clear.

The men and horses concealed as he had directed, he proceeded to obliterate the hoof prints. Then he commenced playing his flute, all the while listening attentively to sounds foretelling the arrival of the pursuing soldiers. They saw him, reigned in and he was bombarded with questions to which he did not respond.

Finally the Captain raised his hand, stopped the hub-bub and addressed the boy.

"Were there some riders along here awhile ago? Guerillas?"

Didn't see 'em, heard 'em head up the road to the hill, I think."

What's your name, lad?"

"Shaw."

"Don't get funny boy, how do you spell it?"

"Can't spell, Sir Captain," the boy turned red, then said, "If you want me to, I'll show you the road. It turns into the hills back a piece and I'll go along if you'll let me blow my flute and follow me."

To all of which the Captain consented.

Wheeling their horses, the cavalcade made formation behind the now elated boy. He marched at their head, lustily blowing the flute, one minute portraying the role of drum major, now a generalissimo, now a scout.

They reached the point where the road turned toward the hills. Embracing the parade spirit of the occasion, the group of horsemen, made a wide sweeping circle. The soldiers were enjoying the antics of the boy, not realizing they were wasting time in a chase that up to now had been rapid. They needed this respite and it rested them and their weary horses.

A half hour passed all too quick, a mile of rough road traversed. Holding up his hand, the boy explained to the Captain, that he would have to return home as it was time for him to do his chores, that they could now push on faster without him, that further on was a camp site with a cave that people of the vicinity used to use for shelter for both man and beast in inclement weather, that probably the men they were seeking might hide out there for the night, then took his leave with ceremony and much handwaving. The soldiers pushed on at a faster pace.

Returning to the hideout of the guerillas, he found them mounted and ready to hit the trail back along the way they had come. The leader of the band, reached in his pocket, extracted a handful of coins and passed them to the awed boy. "Someday," he remarked "Look me up, and we will hold up a bank or rob a train and get a good supply of these. Just ask any of the people up north of here for me."

What might the name be?" questioned the youngster.

The reply, "JESSE JAMES."

END

Old Penmanship Magazines, wanted. Richard Huenger, Box 141, Islip Terrace, Long Island, N. Y.

THE DeWITT TEN CENT NOVELS

by Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

I have recently come into possession of a few copies of the "DeWitt Ten Cent Novels," which started (I think) in 1867, and ran, I don't know how long.

They started with Robert M. DeWitt, at 13 Frankfort St., New York City, and were continued by Clinton T. DeWitt at 33 Rose Street.

The publications, like the Beadles House, also published Songsters, Joke-Books, and a "Good Books" series.

They followed closely in every way the old salmon covered Beadles, were carried in a lighter yellow cover, instead of facsimile of the dime, they carried a facsimile of ten coppers.

The latest number I have was published 1877. The stories are equally as good as the old Beadles, and the series is a fine imitation of the salmon-covered series of Beadles.

I wonder if any of the brethren have collected to series, in whole or in part?

OLD SONG AND JOKE BOOKS

Several New York houses published these, as well as Beadle. The earliest such house I find is A. J. Fisher, of 24 Vesey St., they started in 1834. I wonder if anyone has noted any publisher earlier than 1834?

NEWSY NEWS

by Ralph Cummings

Did you receive one of Ray Caldwell's Christmas cards, if not, write him, as he has a corker. He's got mine all beat to holler!

Next issue will have a write-up on Secret Service, by Harold Holmes, a dandy.

George Barton, continued from December issue — There is something interesting about No. 222 of Wide Awake Library. The original story was a comic, "Stirrup and His Friends Homeward Bound." Tousey took that title out and something must have happened for the new title was "Rebel Cruiser," by Capt. Carey, and was printed from electros of a small size novel that must have been issued previously by either Beadle or N. Munro for you can clearly see where Tousey joined 4 pages of the small book to make one 2 column page for Wide

Awake. The type is the old style. Tousey never got out anything like it in arrangement before or after that No. It certainly wasn't a Tousey story.

There's an old fellow who works in the Bay State Bindery, who was one of George Munro's circulation men when the publishers of the broadside weekleys used to send out crews distributing sample copies all over this country. They used to plan their campaigns like a general would — absolute secrecy for if one of their rivals got wind of their plans they would send a crew of their own out and cover the same ground. He says that Frank Tousey was well liked by his employees, and that he paid very good wages for that time.

George also says that if all the collectors who got hold of runs of story papers in decent condition would have them bound by professional book binders, the papers would be preserved for many, many years. The weak place in any novel or story paper is in the back fold where it is constantly being opened and closed. This bending breaks the paper. When they are bound this does not happen and with reasonable care the papers will be preserved.

The same applies to novels — get 'em bound when they are still in good condition and you'll have 'em. Keep 'em loose and — well, you know what happens.

In any event keep your novels and papers in the dark — light is one of the worst destroyers of wood pulp paper.

Brother members and subscribers, as the Round Up goes to press the 15th of each month, try and have your copy here before the 15th if possible.

We hear that C. A. Stephens' wife is dead, up in, or around Norway or So. Penabscat, Maine. Maybe our members up there know something about this, if so, send us all the news you can pard, this was late in the fall. Mr. Stephens wrote for many of the old boys papers back in the 80's and 90's.

Who is interested in both "The Inland Printer," and "The American Printer," around 1925, or thereabouts, Beautiful condition? If interested, write to the editor of The Round Up.

I saw the Buffalo Bill picture, and it was great, best I ever saw. I stayed to see it the second time.

NEWSY NEWS by Ralph F. Cummings

We hear that C. A. Stevans' widow died a few weeks ago, up in Norway, Maine. Remember all the stories and novels that Mr. Stevans wrote, and that wasn't his real name either.

Alden T. Mauritzen, of Inglewood, Calif., died Sept. 9th, 1944. O. A. Haugen, 929 So. Cedar St., Inglewood, Calif., will take the remaining nos. of the Roundup up to Aug. 1945, and thereafter if he wishes to stay with us, but we're all sorry of the death of our brother member, and the brotherhood sends their sympathy to his folks.

Remember seeing a picture of Charlie Bragin and his collection in a number of newspapers throughout the country a few months ago. Now if you write to Charlie himself, he'll send you an enlarged photograph of the display of him and his collection. Worth having, fellows, so be sure to send for a photo. Free to any one who wants a copy.

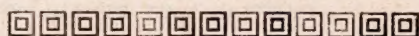
David C. Adams has a box now, so address him as Box 5808, Metropolitan Station, Los Angeles 55, Calif.

An article on "Reckless Ralph" appeared in The Home Worker No. 27, a while ago, quite interesting. If you wish a copy, send 25c for a copy of this magazine to Arthur Sizemore, 4917 N. Kostner Ave., Chicago 30, Ill.

Philadelphia Record, Monday, Aug. 28, 1944, had a column writeup on The Tip Top Weekly for Sept. 14, 1901, sent in to them by Kenneth Meadway, of Boyertown, Pa. Red Smith, of the Record wrote up the article called, "Connie Could Use Him Now." Tells of Frank Merriwell and his baseball team, called the "Merries," ball game with the "Phila Athletes," and how the "Merries" beat them 5 to 4. Some game.

Ralph also says Half Holiday was a continuation of Army and Navy Weekly, and they kept the volume going, but did not change the Nos. I have Vol. 10, No. 12, but it really is No. 12. There were 9 vols. of Army & Navy Weekly. So they start Half Holiday with Vol. 10. The volume doesn't mean anything, the Nos. are all one series.

WANTED—Wild West Weekly, 1914-15 (war series) nos. 636 and 640. Ralph F. Cummings, Fisherville, Mass.



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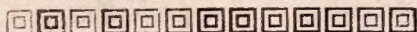
A huge lot of Fireside Companions (a bargain) as they are, 2c each, fill in those missing spaces, until you can get something better. A chance like this, may never be offered again.

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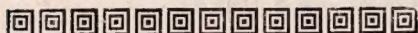
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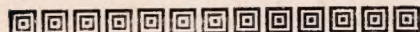
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